



# THE Phillips Andover MIRROR

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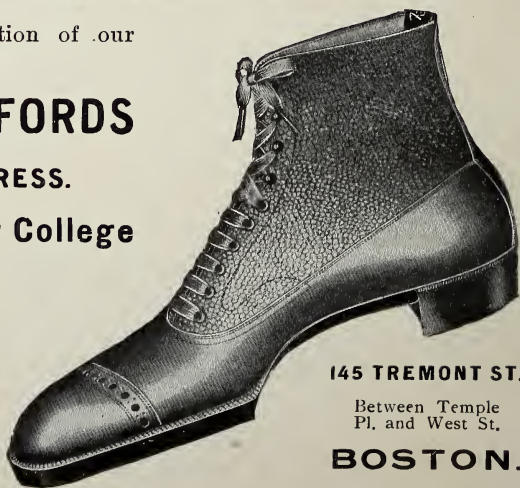
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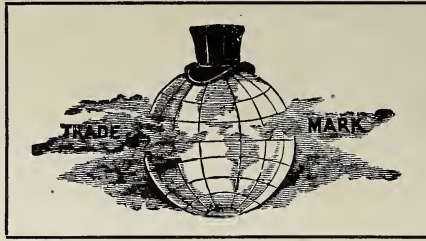
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**The Children of the Chapel Royal in  
the Sixteenth Century.**

**A**MONG the many interesting features of the now famous morality play entitled *Everyman*, which is being presented on the American stage, there is one point which may here have emphasis. Historically accurate as the presentation is in staging, costumes, manner, it is in one respect amazingly unhistorical; namely in the fact that the actor of the title roll is a woman. What a curious reversal of dramatic conditions this is! In the sixteenth century by tradition the only actors were men:—years before, priests dressed in white robes had represented the three Marys coming to the tomb of the risen Lord; in the miracle plays given by the guilds sturdy carpenters and shipbuilders took feminine parts, such as of Noah's wife and her daughters-in-law; and in the morality play of *Everyman* itself not only Everyman was of course a male actor, but even Good-Deedes, Knowledge, Cosin, Truth, Beauty, Discretion and Five-Wits were undoubtedly men dressed as women.

That all the acting on the stage should thus be done by men was a natural result of the development of the



English drama from the ritual of the church. When priests moving upon the altar of the cathedral presented dramatically the sacred mysteries of the Catholic church (which was the beginning of the drama in England), there was no need of women for actresses, nor any appropriateness in them, for that imagination of the audience which sufficed to make the gorgeous altar appear as a stall in the stable of Bethlehem could easily transform the veiled and white-robed monk into the very mother of God. And what was thus established while the clergy mainly controlled the drama, held when the plays became secular under the charge of the guilds: no women seem to have acted. But as the stage grew more worldly, as first the element of humor and then of love came into the plays, the demand was for a more realistic portrayal of feminine character than men could give. Young boys whose voices had not changed, whose features were soft, whose forms supple and full of grace, took the place of men in the women's roles. Just when this began we do not know; it continued till after Shakespeare's time. Under the date of 1598 an English traveler records his surprise at seeing women acting on the Italian stage, a thing he had never seen before.

Without tracing the further development of acting (which leads to the strange spectacle of women playing the parts not only of our boys, our pages, and our little Prince Arthurs, but our Eaglets, our Hamlets and our Everymans!); without tracing this in detail let us look back to the time of boys as women, to the time of the first Emilia, the first Juliet, the first Portia. Studying this period we are brought to the companies of boy actors, to the children's companies, as they are called; and as typical of these we may take the Children of the Chapel Royal.

The Chapel Royal originated far back in English history. At the time of Edward IVth we find it well

established, with its proper officers and the allowance for its maintenance. Its purpose was to supply regular daily and Sunday services for the court, and to furnish anthems, hymns, chants, and organ music on ceremonial occasions. It consisted, as we are told in the Black Book of King Edward's Household, of a Dean, who was usually one of the Lord Bishops of England, of twenty-four singing gentlemen, some of them priests and some lay gentlemen, of eight singing children, and a Master of the Children. The "Deane of the Chappelle" had a lordly allowance for his daily fare; he also had lodging sufficient for his horse and servants in town and in the country. The gentlemen of the chapel were to be "endowed with virtues morolle and speculative, as of the musick shewing in descante, eloquent in readings, suffytyente in organes playing, syttyng at the deane's boarde." They were given an allowance of clothing, furniture for their chambers, and a common ration of food, liquor, and necessities among them.

But we are chiefly interested in the Children of the Chapel—eight boys, who under their Master of Song lived in the palace and were trained for many musical and dramatic functions at the court. Their play-acting is more important in our view, but it may not be out of place to speak briefly of some other features of their life. The little band of choir boys formed a picturesque detail in many of the gorgeous coronations, diplomatic functions, weddings, and churchings which occurred in the Tudor period. "Suppers for the boys" were frequently given them after they had presented some comedy; and gay suppers they were, with wine and song, bright quips from the play and take-offs by the youngsters on the parts they had been acting. Again, when the king went on a journey to some of his country palaces or visited the castle of some noble lord, the Children of the Chapel were not left behind. The record quaintly continues, "And that day the

King's Chapelle removeth, every of these children then present receaveth iiij d at the Greene Clothe for horse-hire daily, as long as they be jurneinge."

The Chapel boys had other advantages than merely their training in music, their enjoyment of a privileged life at court, their riding up and down England in the cavalcade of the king; for "when any of these children comene to be xvij years of age, and their voices change, ne cannot be preferred in this chappelle, the nombre being full, then yf they will assente, the King assyneth them to a college of Oxeford or Cambridge of his foundatione, there to be at fynding and studye both suffytyently, tylle the king may otherwise advaunse them." Such an opportunity for university training was worth much to those who cared to seize it. Another opportunity for the boys whose voices had changed was to become Pistelers, i. e., readers of the Epistles, or Gospellers, in the Royal Chapel, and from this position when their voices were again firm they might be advanced to be of the regular singing men. In order that the children might be ready for places as Pistelers or for admission to the universities, a Master of the Grammar School was maintained at court, whose duty was to teach the chapel boys and others of the Household.

As has been said, the phase of the life of the Children of the Chapel most important to us was their play-acting. By the early part of the reign of Henry VIIIth we know that the children acted plays at court. One of their early Masters, William Cornish, won such favor in the eyes of the King that the unprecedented reward of £200 was granted to him. Later Mr. Richard Bower was Master of the Children, enjoying that place under four sovereigns—from Henry to Elizabeth. While he was Master of the Children under Edward VIth and under Mary, the chief court dramatist was Nicholas Udall, whose fame has been lately revived as

the author of the first "regular English comedy," *Ralph Roister Doister*, which belongs to the year 1552. This comedy was pretty certainly acted by a boy's company, though whether by boys of Eton school or by Windsor boys, or by the boys of the Chapel Royal we cannot tell. The next master after Bower's death in 1563 was Richard Edwards. He was himself a dramatist and under him the children performed several plays, some at court and some undoubtedly at other places, as for instance the plays which, as has been recently learned, were given by Edwards's boys on Candlemas day 1565 and 1566 at Lincoln's Inn. Of the court plays of Edwards only one is preserved. It is the *Damon and Pythias*, which was acted at Whitehall Palace in the great banqueting room on Christmas day, 1564. This is the first play known to be given by the children of which the text has come down to us. The plot, of course, deals with the ancient story of those two faithful friends whose fidelity even to the point of death kindled mercy in the heart of Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse. Crude as the play is as a whole, some of its serious scenes must have been extremely impressive. The power of friendship is set forth in words which have the true emotional ring.

The play certainly does not compare unfavorably with others of its day—a day of beginnings and experiments in the drama—and it is not strange that some of the courtiers thought that "nothing could be better than Master Edwards's *Damon and Pythias*." But the same chronicler who tells us this adds that the same courtiers admitted that Edwards's next play, *Palaemon and Arcyte*, surpassed even the *Damon and Pythias*. This play, however, was presented not by the chapel boys but by scholars of the University of Oxford, where the dramatist had been called by Dudley to present a play in honor of the Queen's visit there in 1566. I mention it at all only because the chronicler has preserved for



us the *name* of the student boy who acted the part of the Princess Emilia. So far as I know it is the first mention by name of any boy actor in England. He pleased mightily by his acting, for the stingy Queen gave him a reward equivalent to fifty or sixty dollars pocket money for an American boy to-day. These are the words of Anthony à Wood, the chronicler: "There was a good part performed by the Lady Emilia, who, for gathering her flowers prettily in a garden there represented, and singing sweetly of the time of May,\* received eight angels for a gracious reward by her Majesty's command. Who it was that acted that part I know not unless it were the pretty boy, Peter Carew, of whom I spoke." For the same boy, Peter Carew, the first Emilia, had spoken an oration of welcome to the Queen, and was her prime favorite during the week of her stay. The sweet song of the time of May was possibly the same as the famous "May" of Edwards, which is printed separately in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. The first stanza of it is as follows:

"When May is in his prime, then may eche hart rejoyce,  
 When May bedeckes ech branch with Greene, ech bird streins forth  
                   his voice,  
 The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorne,  
 The flowres which cold in prison kept now laugh the frost to scorn.  
 All Nature's Impes triumphes, whiles joyful May doth last;  
 When May is gone, of all the yeare the pleasant time is past."

Walter Y. Durand.

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\*The text has *March*, which is obviously wrong.

[To be concluded.]

## Tales of the Neutral Inn.

[Note.—There is still standing in Hereford County, New Jersey, an old weather-beaten inn, built long before the Revolution, and which during the war was used jointly by the Americans and British as a meeting place where conferences and parleys were held. The host named his hostelry, “The Sign of the Neutral Arms,” and frequently the officers of both sides met there on cold wintry nights and feasted, caroused and told stories with the greatest amicability possible.]

### TALE THE THIRD.

THE host of the Neutral Inn received a message that on a certain evening the four officers would meet again at his hospitable board to carouse and listen to a story which one would relate. So all was in a bustle at the Inn and preparations for the supper were in full swing. Nor had they long to wait. Soon after sunset the first arrivals entered. They were the young Frenchman and his companion, the American officer, who had ridden out from their camp some six miles away to meet their friends from the camp of the enemy three miles to the south. They saluted the host, who helped them remove their cloaks and set before them hot mugs of steaming wine. Shortly after, the other two entered and all engaged in a general handshake and questions of how each had fared since they last met at the Neutral Inn.

After some desultory conversation, mine host announced dinner and the four retired to a private room to enjoy the fare provided, and to hear the story which the French officer announced he had brought to the board for their enjoyment.

The hungry soldiers did ample justice to the smoking victuals, and when the roast had disappeared and the wine had been set upon the table, they turned to the young officer, and declared that they were ready for the story. The exponent of fiction for the evening gaily drank a toast to each of his friends and began what he called,

## THE STORY OF GASPARD THE PROVENCAL.

*Mes Amis*, our friend from England here told us the other night a tale which he found in an old castle in his native land, and I have been reminded by this of a story which I heard when a child from an old peasant in my own beloved country. Ah, my friends there is no land in all the wide world from whence more delightful, terrible, or horrible stories can be brought. When a boy I loved naught better than to listen, while the superstitious old peasants related long tales of goblins, ghosts, or Robber Knights of old. The heads of these old countrymen are as full of such stories as a nut is of meat.

The old castle to which this particular story is attached stands mouldy and ruined on the banks of a river in my native Provence. It is an old, old story, which the peasants delight to tell on cold winter evenings such as this. But to the story. Know then, *mes amis*, that Gaspard the Provençal was not a Provençal at all, but a Burgundian, whose vast estates in his native dukedom had been confiscated by the king after Burgundy became a part of the realm of France. From his mother he had inherited a large castled estate in Provence, to which he came to live after his patrimony was lost. He was a bold fierce man, very unlike the simple peace loving Provençals, and his castle at the Bources was ever in a tumult and an uproar. His two hundred retainers rode with him each year, when he roved far and wide on tours of pillage and robbery. As long as he committed none of these outrages in France, but only in Italy and Switzerland, the constable made no objections, especially as Gaspard was ever ready to join his force to the armies of the authorities, if only the pay was good and the fighting fierce. But at last the overweening audacity of the bold Count led him on one of his trips of brigandage to assault and take the poorly defended castle of the old Count

d'Eulanie, a vassal of the French crown, and a wealthy friend of the Lord Constable. Then came swift and stern rebuke.

Count Gaspard received notice from the King to appear at court to answer for this lawless deed, and when he flew in a rage and hung the herald at the keep of his castle, he was declared an outlaw by the King, and a force was sent to seize him and his stronghold.

This force, when it appeared and summoned him to surrender, the outlawed count immediately attacked, and utterly routed, taking many prisoners and sending their heads as a present to the angry king.

But one count, brave as he might be, could not withstand the whole force of France, nor was it long ere the bold noble was routed from his hold and forced to take refuge in the great forests of Provence. Now it chanced that near the demolished castle of the Count Gaspard there lived a Baron, Pierrefois by name, who had a most beautiful daughter, whose hand he purposed to give, together with a large slice of his goodly estate, to a young Count of Bordeaux, who was desperately in love with the maiden.

Nor was the damsel herself unwilling, and all was going *très bien*, as we say. But one fine morning, just after the Baron had signed the marriage contract with the Count of Bordeaux, who should appear at the castle gate but the outlawed Gaspard, and demand an interview with the frightened Baron. When he and his cut-throat retainers had been ushered into the presence of the trembling old man, who feared he had come to levy a ransom upon him, he said to the obsequious Baron :

"*Mon ami*, I come to you with an errand which I have long thought of. Thou hast a daughter, who is of marriageable age and will not lack the worldly goods, which so fair a damsel rightly receives at her marriage. Tell me good Baron, will you give me to wed this lovely lady?"



The Baron, although his heart was burning with rage and his voice almost choked for fury, answered in a smooth conciliatory tone, declaring his house to be vastly honored by the request, and swore that his daughter was not a fit match for so bold and high-born a noble as Count Gaspard. But the outlaw in turn swore it was not so, and that the lady was in sooth the idol of his heart, with much more in the same strain.

But the Baron begged a few days respite in which to inform his daughter of the honor to their family, saying that Count Gaspard should have his answer after the space of two days. The Count professed himself to be satisfied, left the castle with his band of brigands, and returned to the forest to await his answer.

No sooner had he left, than the Baron called in the young Count of Bordeaux and informed him of the interview with the robber knight. The accepted suitor flew into a transport of rage, and swore by all the Saints that he would slay Count Gaspard, or perish in the attempt. But the old Baron fearfully related to him the great prowess and skill at arms of the Robber Count and assured him that Gaspard would undoubtedly kill him without the slightest trouble. At length the old man prevailed upon the hot-headed young count to believe that flight was the best plan, and promised that if they should start for Bordeaux that very night, he would tell the outlaw chief that his daughter had been abducted and thus all blame would be removed from him. But alas for his good intentions.

The young couple, attended by a few retainers, fled from the castle that night and one day later Count Gaspard appeared for his answer.

Baron Pierrefois, with tears in his eyes, told a pitiful tale of how his beloved child had been stolen from him by a young Count of Bordeaux. Count Gaspard in a fury of rage swore a fearful oath, and felled the old man with a blow of his mailed fist, rushed out to his

followers, mounted and gave pursuit. For three days they rode hard and fast on the heels of the flying couple.

The old man had inadvertently given the hint that the course lay to Bordeaux, and Gaspard, seizing several peasants, tortured them until he got safely on the right track. The pursuers were much better mounted than their quarry, and they steadfastly gained on the young Count and his bride, who, although they had the advantage of a day's start, lost it by their stops at night, while the Robber Count followed day and night with but few hours of rest snatched each day. Gaspard was furious at the trick played on him, and he consigned the young Count to every torture of Perdition, each of which he swore to carry out on his person when he overtook the young couple. He was madly in love with the daughter of the Baron Pierrefois, if the passions excited in the bosom of so wicked a man as Gaspard could be rightly called love, and was deeply enraged at the slight put upon him by the damsel in preferring a springald like the Count of Bordeaux to a great, strong noble like himself. As he galloped on, hot on the trail of his stolen sweetheart, he brooded over the wrong done him until he was well nigh mad with anger and rage. On the third day a fearful storm arose in the forest and Count Gaspard and his train rode on through a blinding downpour of rain and flashes of lightning. The enraged noble began to fear that he was too late, for he could see the lights of Bordeaux in the distance twinkling through the rain and sleet. But to his savage joy he saw by a flash of lightning far ahead a little band of riders galloping hard and fast for the safety of the city walls. He spurred on his jaded charger and with a great shout of malicious joy he hastened after his prey. But to his unutterable rage his tired horse suddenly lunged forward and fell dead to the ground. He found that he had far outstripped

his attendants and was alone save for his single squire, whose horse had foundered at the same time. Then Gaspard the Provencal rose to his feet and swore that not all the power of God or the Devil should keep him from his vengeance. Hardly had the words left his lips, when, as if in active refutation of such blasphemy, a blinding flash of lightning tore from the black clouds above and enveloped the doomed man in a sheet of flame.

When the attendants reached their master they found that the bolt had done its terrible work, and that the blasphemous Gaspard the Provencal had been punished for his black crimes. For the Robber Count was blind, and maimed in every limb.

Come, *mes amis*, the wine is drunk and my Hessian friend likewise, let us come back to the present and stern reality. The English officer agreed with the American that it was a terrible tale and soberly set about to awaken his German companion, whose wine-laden brain no fearful story could hold sober when drink was near.

C. W. Elliot.

## His Sacrifice.

"Well, I suppose it is time for me to be moving," said Dick Stores, slowly rising from his big Morris chair, which only comfortably held his two hundred and some odd pounds. "I think Andover is making me lazy."

"Yes, it is five of, and time you went," answered Ned, his brother and roommate, hardly glancing up from the novel which he was reading. "I don't suppose you will be back before seven or eight?"

"Hardly. Football practice from four to half after five, and after supper secret practice up at the gym while the coaches put on the finishing touches for the Exeter game tomorrow. You're a lucky dog. Don't have anything to do but lie on the window seat there and read novels all afternoon while I go up and try to keep cool in a hot old class-room, and later up on the football field. You ought to be glad that the doctor won't let you play."

At this moment someone knocked.

"Come in!" said both at once, and as the door opened, "Hello, Jack!"

"I've got my eighth demerit for being out during study hours," announced the new arrival.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Dick, "that I met your friend, Prof. Leeds, on the street yesterday evening at half-past eight, when I had just stepped over to Hal's to borrow his Chemistry. Ned and I seem to have a happy faculty—Don't!" (as he saw Jack was going to make a pun)—"of running up cuts. We each have nine, and if I get marked for this I will have ten, and then—" But he didn't finish, for the school bell began to ring just at that minute. He grabbed up a couple of books, then, followed by Jack French, he dashed out of the door, and a few seconds later Ned saw them hurrying up the street towards the Academy.



"Well, I suppose it gives him some comfort to know that he won't have to leave before the Exeter game anyway," Ned said to himself, "but it is apt to bring some criticism on the school if he gets fired just two days after the game. People can't understand such things, and if we win there will be a lot of talk about keeping athletes who ought not to be in the school, until the season is over. Dick is altogether too good-natured. He gets a demerit for what some one else has done almost every week, but I know Leeds won't report him this time." Suddenly he stood up. "What would father do if he got fired?" he asked himself. His reflections on this point were interrupted by rather a hesitating knock on the door.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened and in came a gentleman whom Ned politely addressed as Mr. Wallace. It was quite evident that this was the owner of the house from the fact that he looked carefully around the room to see how many articles of furniture had been broken since his last visit. Since his wife had been sick he had had to see to the weekly reports about the fellows which were required by the Faculty. He seemed to be very much worried about something at this particular time and for several minutes he did not pay any attention to the questioning look in Ned's eyes.

"Mr. Stores," he began at last slowly, as if looking for some way in which to tell the object of his visit, "did you have a pleasant time last night?"

To say that Ned was surprised by this question is to put it very mildly. To tell the truth he was somewhat angry at what he thought was a case of meddling with other people's affairs; but he couldn't imagine what was the matter.

"I don't know what you mean," he answered.

"Then you weren't out last night?" said the other with a sigh of relief, as if he saw some way out of his

difficulty. Then he added in a burst of confidence, "I thought I should have to give you a demerit for being out too late. I saw either you or your brother come into the house just ahead of me the other night at half-past eight, and I didn't know which one it was, so I didn't intend to report it. A few minutes ago I overheard (entirely accidentally, I assure you), some one say that he had seen a Prof but I could not make out who it was that had seen him. For that reason I have decided that I cannot overlook the matter. You know that I have been getting into trouble lately for not giving a very correct report."

All this time Ned had been doing some desperate thinking. Both he and Dick had nine demerits each, and so the one who got this mark would have to leave school. Pictures came to his mind, the kind that a man does not care to see more than once in a life, of his parents disgraced in his disgrace. He could not take the demerit. His brother must suffer. He would have done almost anything for Dick, but this—well, this was too much. Could he be the one to bring disgrace down on his father and mother? And yet would he be responsible? His brother would never allow people to think such a thing; he knew that. Then again Dick's popularity and his record in athletics would make up for a great deal. If he should be expelled it would spoil his chances of going to any big college, and that would end that side of his life. Then he remembered what he had thought about the talk which would go on about his brother, and how it would become a public matter. Andover needed Dick, but she could get along without himself. He hesitated for a minute more, then made his decision.

"I didn't say that I was not out," he answered, struggling to be calm, "but I have nine demerits now and if I get one more will be expelled."

"I won't—" Mr. Wallace began impetuously, then

stopped short, while he clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. "But the Faculty have threatened to do something about it if I don't report rightly. No, there is nothing to be done, and besides it will be reported any way."

"I don't believe that. In fact I don't think he will even mention it unless you do. Try it just this once," he begged half angrily.

"I can't let it go, for I have done such things too often and will probably lose the right to keep boys. It would ruin me." Mr. Wallace was angry now, too, and as he left the room he slammed the door behind him saying, "You have got me into enough trouble already. I am going to report this."

Ned sat in his room until supper time trying to find some way out of the difficulty. He knew that he could do nothing with Mr. Wallace now. As for Mr. Leeds, he did not dare to go to him, for he would practically have to say that he had been out that night, to shield Dick, and if the professor reported Dick too, then both would be expelled. On the other hand, if he did not admit to anyone that he was out after eight Wallace could not prove it. There was nothing to do except to say nothing about it and take whatever should come. He must not even tell Dick.

\* \* \* \* \*

We had won, and that evening found Ned parading the streets with the rest of the fellows. Headed by a barge, in which sat the members of the team, the dense mass of fellows marched along cheering and singing with voices still hoarse from yelling at the game. Dick was there, the hero of the hour and captain of the next year's team. At every mention of his name the crowd went wild. Even the band which led the procession joined with the revolvers in a wild salute whenever a Prof, speaking from the steps of his home, made the slightest reference to Stores.

Once in a while Ned, despite the noise, the excitement, and the joy of victory, would forget where he was and become almost unconscious of what was going on around him. At the game, in one of the most exciting places, when the blue line was slowly but surely pushing the red back towards their goal, he had lost all track of the game. His mind was fixed on what was going to happen to him. When he again realized where he was he found that Dick had just been pushed over the line for another touchdown. In an instant he was on his feet cheering as loudly as the rest, but then a strange indescribable feeling clutched his heart and brought back with a vividness which made him shudder the picture of his disgrace. It was this sensation which, when the procession had at last reached the campus, made him leave the other fellows and sit all alone in a dark corner of the bleachers. His elbows rested on his knees, and as if to shut out some sight painful to him he covered his face with his hands. The others had formed a ring about the great fire which blazed in the center of the field and now were dancing around it.

No one paid any attention to Ned, nor did he notice any one until at last he heard a voice mention his name. He glanced up quickly. There just in front of him stood Prof. Leeds and Mr. Wallace.

The latter was saying, "I hate to trouble you about the matter at such a time, but my report must be handed in Monday and I knew that I should have no other chance to see you." Evidently neither of the men saw Ned, so he kept quiet. "The other evening I did not get home until half-past eight and I saw one of the boys enter the house just before me, but I could not decide which one. When I asked Ned whether he had been out he gave me no direct answer, although it was evident to me from the way he talked that he was the one. What shall I do about it?"



The professor turned angrily on his companion. "*Do about it! Do about it!*" he repeated. "They each have nine demerits now. What do you want *to do about it?* You do not even know who it is that deserves the demerit and yet you were going to give it to one of them, despite the fact that it would result in expulsion, just to shield yourself. I saw the fellow, too, and I know which one it is, but do you think that I will report him?"

With that he turned on his heel and walked away. For a minute Ned sat still. He could hardly believe his ears at first, but when he realized the full significance of what he had heard he sprang from his seat on the bleachers to the ground, yanked his idle revolver from his hip pocket and with a yell which startled every one on the campus he fired into the air. He certainly made up for lost time the rest of the evening. Late that night, when most of the people had gone home and all, even Ned, had become less boisterous, the fellows who were collected about the smouldering embers of the great fire called on the old captain for one more speech.

"Fellows," he said, "I want to tell you a little story. It isn't about the game—you've heard about that till you ought to know it by heart. It's about the fellow who made it possible for you to have Dick Stores for captain next year."

Then, amid the cheers of the fellows, he told the story, much to Ned's surprise. But he never found out who had given away the secret.

*Walter Richardson, '04.*

## A Debt of Gratitude.

ONE cold winter night in 1892 a lad of scarce ten years was standing before the entrance to a theatre as the gay crowd passed from the play to their houses of ease and comfort. His shrill plaintive voice was borne along on the bleak wind as he offered the evening papers for sale; but the pleasure seekers, shivering in spite of their thick coats and cloaks, for the most part passed him by unnoticed. A few bought from him, and thinking of his meagre profit he pictured his poor mother and brother Jamie, in their little tenement home, eagerly waiting for his return. She was ill and Jamie was too young to work. He, a mere child, was the entire support of the three. He would have gone back long before if it had not been for the thought of his mother and brother, hungry and cold. He *must* earn some money. But people did not stop to buy, so intent were they upon hurrying home out of the cold. At last he determined to go, for the passers were becoming fewer and fewer. Just as he gave one last call a young fellow stopped and looked down into the waif's thin little face.

"Well, my lad, it is pretty cold for you to be out here tonight," he said.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied as he thrust his hands still deeper into the pockets of his ragged clothes, "but if I'm not out here, I can't sell any papers."

"You ought not to think so much of making money."

"It's not that, sir," said the boy.

"Oh, I see, you're in trouble. Come, tell me about it and perhaps I can help you."

The lad's eyes filled with tears as he told of his gray haired mother and how she had worked until she was ill that he and his little brother might have an education. That part was all over. He could not go to school, for he had to work to help out the scanty sum

his mother had laid by. That was all gone now and they had no bread, nor, what was more, anything to buy it with. He had not sold many papers that night, so that his mother would have to be hungry for—well, he did not know how long.

The stranger had heard similar stories before, but somehow as he glanced down into the honest face of the lad, he could not believe that he was lying to him. There was a look about him that seemed to give weight to the words of his story.

“You shall not go hungry tonight,” said the stranger. “Take this,” and he handed him a crisp new note. “Tell your mother that someone said she had a son to be proud of.”

Wonder intermingled with joy so overwhelmed the lad that he was not able to speak for a moment.

“Oh sir!” he exclaimed at last, “I only hope that some day I can pay you back a hundred times.”

The boy ran joyfully home, forgetting the wind and the cold as he thought of the comfort in store for his mother; while the stranger went on his way, repenting somewhat for so readily trusting the little fellow’s story,—nevertheless believing that it was true.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was no hope! Colonel Gregg and a little band of twenty men for two days had been hemmed in on all sides by an innumerable horde of Filipino warriors. The deserted block house to which the soldiers had retreated had been attacked time and again, but so far the little company had successfully resisted each assault of the savage foe. They could not hold out much longer, for ammunition and provisions were fast failing them. Nothing short of a miracle could save them from death. The officer second in command suggested that they draw lots to determine who should attempt to escape through the enemy’s lines and bring aid; but Colonel Gregg would not allow it.

"Such a thing is impossible" he said. "If we must die, let it be together and fighting."

Just at dusk that evening a shadowy figure silently slipped away from the block house and became lost in the depth of a nearby thicket. Slowly the man made his way through the jungle, alert for any sight or sound of danger. Once he thought he was discovered; a band of savages passed not more than fifteen yards from him. He crouched close to the ground as he heard their voices. The moments seemed like hours, but they soon went by without detecting him. He kept his course for several hours until at last there was less than a mile between him and the camp of the army. Being so near the end which he sought, he hurried on less guardedly. Suddenly a dusky figure rose from the ground near him. Two shots rang out together. The savage fell to the earth shot through the heart; while the soldier uttered a cry and staggered forward. Only a quarter of a mile! He must do it! He stumbled on, growing weaker every moment. The warm blood flowing from his side saturated his clothes. Each moment he became weaker, but he kept on until at last, more dead than alive, he fell into the arms of a picket.

"Colonel Gregg—in the block house—near A——," he gasped. Then as he grew calmer he whispered, "Tell the colonel—he—helped my mother—years ago. He—wouldn't let me—come. But—I had to—save him. I wanted to—pay—him—for——." With a smile of perfect contentment the brave young soldier died, happy to meet the mother he had loved.

The colonel was rescued, and as he stood over the body of the noble lad, stiff and cold in death, there was a strange gleam in his eyes while he repeated the words he had said ten years before, "Tell your mother that someone said she had a son to be proud of."

*H. L. Hayford, '04.*



## Mirage.

### HARRY'S SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

THE fire burned low in his office. The other clerks had gone and he was alone in the great building. He was very busy balancing accounts and settling up the business of the week. It had been a prosperous week and Harry knew it would be late before he finished. Never mind, he thought, tomorrow is Sunday and there is late breakfast; so he wrote on and the fire burned cheerfully on the little grate.

All done at last. Hurrah! Now for home, and Harry slammed the desk and popped into his overcoat. Down the stairs, three at a time, in front of the door—but no further: the door was locked and barred—perfectly secure. For a minute Harry was completely confounded, but of course there was the small basement door. He would be all right yet. Down to the basement door he went, but this, too, was barred and he found that he was locked in for the night. Harry went back to the office and sat down very solemnly. Sunday morning breakfast seemed a long way off. Well, he must make the best of it. To be sure the office was not well suited for sleeping purposes, though there were a few hard cushions and the carpet; but there was the fire, so Harry rolled himself up in the tablecloth and slept the sleep of the just.

My, how hot it was! What had he done to be roasted alive? Why should eternal punishment be anticipated in this manner? Something must be done about it, and so Harry woke up. Kind of smoky, Harry thought, but perhaps that was only the fire. The fire! Good Heavens, *was* it a fire? Harry grew wide awake in an instant. Burning heat; dense smoke; a distant roar; it was a fire! Harry rushed at once to the window. The street was crowded and a confused roar reached

him. He ran to the door, but the fierce flames beat him back. He went to the window again, crawled out, and sat on the sill coughing desperately. The firemen would come soon. It would be all right yet, he thought; he must keep cool. Keep cool! He was half scorched already. The firemen did not come and his position grew serious. The flames filled the room and were now close to the window. He clung desperately to the ledge and looked fearfully down at the street. How far it seemed. The flames scorched him—the window was all burning—the room one mass of flame! One minute more he clung to the ledge, and then, overcome, he fell.

Down, down, down, down—crash! And Harry woke up to find the ashes of the fire glowing peacefully beside him and the tablecloth wound around his legs.

So it was all a dream, and Harry got home just in time for breakfast.

*W. M. Ford, '04*



#### THE FISHER LAD AT EVENING.

The sun, its daily course complete,  
Lies low in the western sky;  
The gulls to their rocky retreat,  
The distant cliff, swoop by.

Far out o'er the fast dark'ning deep,  
A fisher lad sailing home  
Guides his skiff, as the night winds sweep,  
Bounding lightly o'er the foam.

The flickering stars have appeared,  
And the twilight is no more;  
But the figure of one endeared  
Lights the way to her on shore.

*H. L. Hayford, '04.*

## Editorials.

It would seem to us as though the Means Prizes should create a more general interest in literary work throughout the school than they at present do. There are very few ways open to the fellows in which talents along this line may be developed; or rather we should say that while there are enough ways they do not take advantage of them. If we require a witness of this let us look at the literary societies. Both Philo and Forum have membership lists which for a school of this size are very small; and even under these circumstances a very small proportion of the members attend the meetings. We often hear fellows offer for excuses for cutting the fact that they have done so much school work during the day that they really cannot give up one whole evening to the literary societies; and yet these same fellows say that they wouldn't mind hard study at all if they were not *compelled* to get their lessons. That is, if they could work without being forced to they would do just as well and do it willingly. Here is a chance for those fellows. Let them take advantage of it and show that they believe what they say. Some of course will raise the objection that they have too much studying to do outside of that, but an hour or two one night a week does not make much of any difference. They say that they need some recreation, but these meetings certainly furnish recreation.

We have heard complaints from just this class of fellows that the MIRROR is not *what it should be*. If we may be permitted to harp on a certain old string we would ask if those fellows have not enough *school spirit* to come out and make *their only* literary magazine *what it should be*. Do those men realize that in certain college and school circles Phillips Andover is being judged to a certain extent by what they do in the literary line?

Why shouldn't they? A school magazine is supposed to be representative of the school in which it is published.

The MIRROR wants to thank Mr. Durand for his kindness in writing about "The Children of the Chapel Royal." Mr. Durand has a thorough knowledge of his subject and has written an article which we are sure will prove very interesting. Owing to the extensiveness of the subject Mr. Durand's article will be continued in the May number.

Owing to the spring vacation there will be no April issue of the MIRROR.

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. H. L. Hayford, '04, to the board of editors.



#### AN OPTIMIST.

"Ah well," sighed the poet,  
"I've no doubt you know it;"  
(And he gnawed on a bare leg of mutton)  
"There is one consolation  
In a poet's high station—  
A poet can ne'er be a glutton."

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*



## Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

*Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.*

'31—George Poor died in Lawrence, January 27, 1903, having been born in North Andover in 1818. For thirty-two years he was an engineer in the employ of the Boston & Maine railroad.

'42—Timothy Palmer Bailey, a farmer in the Abbott district of Andover, died at his home December 9, 1902.

'44—Died in Beloit, Wis., January 31, 1903, David Smith Foster. After leaving Phillips, he was engaged in business in Boston till 1856. For nearly half a century he was a leading citizen of Beloit, serving four terms as mayor of the city.

'55—Ransom Dickinson Pratt died in Brookline, January 24, 1903. He was a member of the class of 1863, Amherst College. He enlisted in the 27th Massachusetts Regiment and served several years in the campaign conducted in the Carolinas. At the close of the war he was a publisher in St. Louis, Mo., and later was in the firm of Pratt Bros. of Boston and Marlboro. His last years were in the Custom House at Boston.

'66—Edward Perkins Clark died in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 16, 1903. Mr. Clark was a graduate of Yale in 1870 and served in the offices of the Springfield Republican, Philadelphia Times, Press, Milwaukee Sentinel, New York World, Brooklyn Union, and for eighteen years on the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post. He was an accomplished journalist and a thorough student of American history and politics.

'84—Thomas E. Ripley is secretary of Wheeler, Osgood & Co., manufacturers of doors, sashes and blinds, Tacoma, Washington.

'87—Harry Goodyear Day and Miss Mary Phillips Barker were married February 18, 1903, at Pittsfield.

'90—Married at Milwaukee, Wis., July 24, 1902, William A. Baldwin and Miss Mina Prince. They are to live at Makaweli, Kauai, H. I.

'91—Azel Ames, Jr., has been appointed signal engineer of the Boston & Albany railroad. Mr. Ames was captain in the 1st Regiment, U. S. Engineers, during the Spanish war. Since 1899 he has been assistant roadmaster of the New York Central railroad and roadmaster of the Boston & Albany.

'91—Nelson B. Burr is a lawyer at 229 Broadway, New York City.

'92—Arthur E. Foote is advertising manager for James Pyle & Son, New York City.

'92—Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser and Miss Harriette Louise Davis were married at Saginaw, Mich., December 3, 1902.

'93—George E. Bergstrom has moved to Los Angeles, Cal.

'93—Henry L. deForest is a director in the First National Bank, West Superior, Wis.

'93—Frederick H. Wiley and Miss Edith Gordon Leonard were married at Metamora, Ind., January 7, 1903.

'95—John S. Elliot is in the New York office of the Library Bureau. After leaving Andover, Mr. Elliot was in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard and since then in railroad and manufacturing enterprises in Buffalo and Dunkirk, N. Y., and in Pittsburgh, Pa.

'95—Arthur L. Hamilton is with a copper mining company in Elizabeth, N. J.

'95—At Eau Claire, Wis., Miss Catherine Chamberlain was married January 22, 1903, to Sumner Gilbert Moon.

'95—Edwin R. Sheak is with the Thomas G. Plant Co., Jamaica Plain.

'96—Kenneth L. Burns is at Nemo, Lawrence Co., South Dakota.

'96—Robert W. Chandler is with the Frank A. Munsey Co. and may be addressed at 38 W 20, New York City.

'96—Jesse D. Dana has removed from Boston to Sligo, Mo.

'96—William R. Maloney, Jr., is in the law office of Van Ingen, Seibert & Paddock, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

'96—William E. West is with the American Radiator Co., Boston.

'98—Alfred W. Allyn is with the Carnegie Steel Co. at Pittsburgh, Pa.

'98—Allen L. Appleton is assistant in Naval Architecture at M. I. T. and resides at 131 Newbury Street, Boston.

'98—Ernest R. Carter is with Fitz & Dana, hardware merchants, Boston.

'98—Theophilus Charles Thompson died February 23, 1903, at Belleville, Ohio. While duck shooting, his skiff capsized, and though he swam to an island, he died of fatigue and exposure.

'98—Henry W. Westcott is draughting for the American Machine Co., Pawtucket, R. I.

'99—Charles A. Smith is with the Fernando Mining Co., San Fernando, Estado Durango, Mexico.

'00—Charles D. Rafferty has been elected captain of the Yale football team.

## Exchanges.

### WITH PHYLLIS.

A puddle sparkled in the road:  
(I smiled that Phyllis found it.)  
She frowned—and yet a dimple showed—  
How *could* she get across the road?—  
(’Twas deep,—no use to sound it.)  
“I’ll carry you!” Her red cheeks glowed,  
She nestled in my arms—I strode  
Around it.

—J. F. Stimson, '02, in *Yale Courant*.

### RUMINATION.

There’s just one man in the world,  
Of the usual human kind,  
Who aint tickled to meet a swell girl on the street—  
And that is the man who’s blind.

There’s just one man in the world,  
You may hunt till you’re out of breath,  
Who don’t like to hear a soft voice in his ear—  
And that is the man who’s deaf.

There’s just one man in the world,  
Now please get this through your head,  
Who don’t fly in a whirl after some little girl—  
And that is the man who’s dead.

—Maurice Hatch, in *The Dartmouth Magazine*.

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